Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, September 19, 1918 Number 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

—*Browning in "Paracelsus"*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1918 NUMBER 2

When the wheels of life bear me down for the last time, I ask for no higher compliment, I seek no truer statement of the work I have tried to do than that which the white-headed old negress gave the beardless boy on the hot Corinth cornfield in 1862. Then, if I deserve it, let some one who loves me say, "Here is a Linkum soldier who has done got run over,"—one who, like his leader, tried to pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever a flower would grow."

J. Ll. J.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Before this issue of UNITY can reach its readers, they will have learned from the columns of the daily press that their Senior Editor has been summoned to a higher editorship. The end—or shall we not say, the new beginning—came at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, September 12, while he lay within sight of his dear Wisconsin Hills and River, surrounded by a few of the many friends and relatives who loved him.

It is quite impossible at this early day to attempt any resumé of his work or any estimate of his life and its accomplishments. Indeed it is not necessary, for it is already well known to UNITY's readers and will be fully covered in the Memorial number later. But the family of *Unity* readers are entitled to some immediate and intimate information concerning him and his work during this last summer and concerning his final illness. Most of his time had been spent in efforts to secure UNITY's readmission to the mails, and despite ever more frequent and severe attacks of the heart pain from which he had not been entirely free at any time during the last four years, his correspondence was never heavier, and never more filled with his spirit.

The second circular letter dated September 10th, which has since reached UNITY's readers, was dictated four or five days before and was mailed as rapidly as conditions permitted. The last letter dictated was one to John Haynes Holmes enclosing a copy of this circular letter and the manuscript copy, prepared under the Editor's supervision, of the compilation referred to in the *Letter to Subscribers,* for Mr. Holmes' perusal.

For over four years Mr. Jones has suffered from *angina pectoris,* but only one has known of the terrible nights of agony endured without a murmur or any audible expression of suffering. Despite it all, he had gone steadily on with his work, and on Saturday, August 30, he went to Chicago to conduct the funeral service of Mrs. Olive E. Weston, a much loved friend and loyal worker in All Souls Church.

Upon the return from Chicago, he joked about the pain that had pursued him during much of his absence, and said with the twinkle which always came when he had succeeded in conquering some opposition by his wonted methods of reason and will, "The pain was after me like twenty little devils during the entire service, but they said the service went all right."

The pain became more and more constant, and after several nights spent for the most part in standing upright to secure some slight degree of ease, a simple hernia which he had had for several years suddenly became strangulated early Friday morning. A physician was at once summoned, who immediately secured surgeons and nurses from Madison, Wisconsin, and at two o'clock that afternoon the necessary operation was successfully performed.

But the heart could not endure the extra strain, and though a specialist came again, all physicians agreed that nothing could be done. The pain continued with increasing force until Sunday morning, when it ceased and did not return, leaving his mind free to dwell on the work he loved so well.

Those whose unspeakable privilege it was to be at Tower Hill during these days of infinite suffering and sorrow but of equally infinite beauty, have felt that they must try to share with the friends at a distance some glimpses of that beauty, and have tried to recall some few of the countless incidents and sayings in which the clear dominant mind and the tender, loving, selfless spirit, the unconquerable courage, have shown their measureless triumph over the pain and weakness of the body. As one of the speakers at the burial service said, he died in battle. His courage never failed, his intellectual activity never ceased, his tender solicitude for the comfort and health of those who were caring for him was never absent, his delightful Celtic humor was ever present.

Again and again he protested that he was causing too much trouble, that the nurses were "taking too good care of him." He would waken in the night and say to the one by his bedside: "Haven't you gone to sleep yet, my child?" When told that she had had her sleep during the daytime, he would say, "But you can never make up for the loss of a *night's* sleep." Once he said to those who were helping him: "Three women to take care of one man and that one of no account!" And again: "You three women remind me of Ibsen's Three Pillars of Society; 'Truth, Justice and Love,—they are the pillars of society.'" One night when the one whose care he loved best had been taking an

hour's necessary rest on a couch near by, while two others in turn had been aiding the nurse, he said with a longing look toward the couch: "Isn't it about time for the third relief?" To whomever came to his bedside he would say, as he had said so many times: "Well, what do you know today?" His utmost word of complaint was a rare "I must have rest," or "I am very tired," or: "It is hard to pull uphill all the time." To one of his nurses, a Norwegian, he told something of the Ford Peace Ship Expedition and their experiences while in Norway. At dawn, he said: "I am always glad for the daylight."

Once when he could not sleep, the nurse said she wished she could sing him to sleep, and that Jennie Johnson, the beloved soloist of All Souls Church, might be there to sing to him. His look brightened and he said: "Jennie sings us all awake!"

At one time he spoke of the temperance campaign in California and said that wine and beer were as bad as whiskey and all must go. Again, he spoke of his long friendship and years of work with Rabbi Hirsch of Chicago.

The many messages of love and cheer which kept pouring in from friends everywhere were read to him as they came and he found comfort and strength in them and asked that they be kept for him to read again when he should be well enough.

His courage was inspiring to witness. At the moment when the surgeons were expected, he dictated the last telegram—one to arrange for a supply for All Souls pulpit for September 22 in place of someone who had been unable to appear then.

The operation necessarily was performed with only local anæsthesia. But he talked to the surgeons nearly all of the time, and when they were about to stop their work without performing a second slighter operation which they had said was needed but ought not to be attempted until later, his clear voice insisted that the second one be done too. On the day before he died, he was counting the days since the operation, because he had been told he might sit up on the seventh day.

But foremost and constantly in his mind was his work—UNITY and the Lincoln Centre. Many times on with the work!" On one of his worst days he gave detailed instructions to his secretary for the Camp Reunion Dinner and the lantern slides to be used there. And he told her that now that he would be forced to stay in bed for two weeks, following the operation, he would want to give her a great deal of dictation.

On Wednesday night he asked to see the daily paper. The copy which was given him bore in big headlines the words: "Austria Begs for Peace Parley." He said: "They have got to come to it! My day will come some time and then they will need me." And again: "If I should die, they will give me a hearing where I am going." A little later he asked for the other paper. When handed the same one by mistake, he said that he had finished with that one, and when given the right one, read aloud from it.

Over and over he asked as to the progress of each number of UNITY, insisting that they be kept up regularly and not a minute be lost in getting them to the printer on time. Only three hours before he became unconscious, he wanted to know the contents arranged for the next issue, the title and author of the articles, and urged that it be such as would pass the censor. Letters from eminent men concerning the suspension of UNITY came and were read to him to his great comfort. Phrases from some of them were frequently on his lips.

When the telegram came saying that the August 29th issue had been released for mailing by the Washington authorities, his joy was unbounded, and he kept asking for a copy. At last it arrived, about eight o'clock Thursday morning, coming first class and special delivery from the printer, and was taken to him at once. He asked to be lifted up against the pillows, and to have his glasses, looked the beloved paper through carefully as he always did when it came from the printer, spoke once or twice about it, pointed out the inevitable typographical blunder, begged for "a long drink of ice water"—and immediately began the sleep which lasted until five o'clock. At that time the breathing changed markedly, he opened his eyes wide with the expression none who knew him will need to have described, smiled—and the breathing ceased. And so, in ineffable beauty, the world's most beautiful spirit entered upon its further labors.

Near his bed were his wife, his daughter and son, the brother who was so close to his heart, two of the step-daughters he so dearly loved, the son-in-law and physician whose skilled hand had done much to ease the suffering of the last days, and four of those who had been privileged to help him in his work. Immediately she who has best understood his spirit and his work repeated the words he had so often used, and with these we close this brief and inadequate record:

Father, we thank thee that thou hast taken home thy child; that after the strain and stress and turmoil thou hast given thy beloved sleep.

Fold him, O Father, in thine arms!
And let him thenceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

And may the peace that passeth understanding—the peace that he has won—be ours in thine own good time and thine own good way.

—S. M. Q.

At the Hillside Chapel

The service of love and remembrance for Mr. Jones was held Saturday afternoon, September 14, in the Hillside Valley Chapel in the bosom of his beloved hills and in the neighborhood of the friends who had been his familiar associates from his boyhood. The little chapel was too small to hold the friends who came from the home valley, from Tower Hill, Wyoming, Madison, Portage and beyond, and the Lincoln Centre parishioners who came in a special car from Chicago. The chapel was filled with the autumn glory of sumac, goldenrod and asters and the other wild roadside things he loved; as well as the rare roses and lilies of conservatories. The flag for which he gave three years of his life in the Civil War stood furled by the casket.

The speakers were Dr. G. B. Foster of the University of Chicago, Dr. John Faville of Appleton, and Zona Gale of Portage. The singing was by Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson of Chicago, who had often carried his sermon thought, as he would say, to the higher levels of song. All of the speakers brought their contributions from many years of friendship and out of full hearts.

The hour was tense with memories. The service was opened by Miss Johnson with Lanier's lines, "Into the Woods My Master Went," with its tender implication to those who knew Mr. Jones well of the gentle ministry which nature has ever held for him in joy or sorrow. Later in the service Miss Johnson sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

Dr. Faville led in prayer for strength and courage to meet the irreparable loss and for the perpetuation of the influence of this friend of ours and of the world, who had been withdrawn from our sight.

Dr. Foster gave a masterly analysis of Mr. Jones's work and his contributions to the cause of humanity, speaking at length of his activity in the Congress of Religions held in 1893, of his efforts in building up the Abraham Lincoln Centre, of his pulpit ministrations, of "the freshness of his message, the bigness of his principles, the richness of his emotional life, the kindliness, the sympathy, the guiding faith, the wise word, the encouragement, the smile,—all these things that had been visited as gifts of God on so many of you, upon all of us." Of differences in opinion with regard to the war Doctor Foster said, "I have never loved him less, I have felt like honoring him more, for I can honor him more rather than less even if I differ from him in some matters profoundly,—for in the criticism and the loneliness of the man there comes forth his steadfastness, his loyalty." In closing Doctor Foster said, "In all these causes the man who thought, the man who dreamed, did more than think and dream, he worked in the service of the Eternal Goodness."

Miss Gale said in part, "There are two kinds of immortality, the one of which we know very little. The other immortality he made for himself, the immortality of his work. It is for us to co-operate with him in one of his immortalities, to uphold and prolong his work."

No service for Mr. Jones could have been complete without the aid of Robert Browning, to whom, perhaps oftener than to any other poet, he was wont to turn for the inspiration and consolations which he passed on so generously to others. The following extracts from "The Ring and the Book" read by Miss Gale brought something of their old assurance and, in the new light, might well have been said of the great soul that has now gone on its way, leaving us for a time in sorrow and darkness:

> I trust in the great compensating God.
>
> No work begun shall ever pause for death!
>
> Not one flower of all he said and did
> Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown,
> But dropped a seed, has grown a balsam-tree
> Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place
> In this supreme of moments!
>
> So, let us wait God's instant men call years;
> Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul.
> Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
> God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
> For us i' the dark to rise by.

Doctor Faville said, "He went down fighting with colors flying. There is not one of us but feels that he has gone down in this great world crisis as a soldier at the very front, a soldier I mean in the great world trouble. I would like to put on his grave these words: 'I have fought a good fight.' That is true of him to the end. 'I have kept the faith,' and how much that means! Henceforth the crown! Not one of us who knew him as he was but has crowned him today. Heretofore a crowning here, henceforth a crowning over there."

The beautiful but sorrowful service in the chapel closed with the familiar benediction so often used in All Souls Church, sung by Miss Johnson:

> Father, let thy blessing
> Touch us and remain,
> Guiding all our actions
> Till we meet again;
>
> Father, keep us loving,
> Brave and true and free,
> Kind to every creature,
> All belong to thee.
>
> Unto all thy children,
> Here and everywhere,
> Father, give the comfort
> Of thy loving care.

The Spring Green Post of the G. A. R. escorted to the grave the casket which was borne by the trustees of All Souls Church. The burial was in the chapel yard. The benediction was given by Doctor Faville and the body of a great and good man was left to mingle with its native earth.

—E. H. W.

REQUIEM.

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
He hath fought a noble fight,
He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears
Crowd around us from the past:
He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long, toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, rightousness and truth,—
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might:
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
He hath fought the noble fight,
He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

—*William Gaskell.*

Be passionate, be passionate, O, my soul,
For thou art a voice of the whole!
Then stand superb, as the Rockies stand,
Giant sentries that guard the land;
Beautiful barriers hugely hurled
By Time, who loves the world.
Here let us pause, here let us wait,
Fronting the glorious western gate;
Listening close what the mountains say
As they lift their heads to pray.
Hush my soul! It is holy ground;
Here shall we find what Moses found;
Caught in the terrible sweep of space
Shall bare to the sky our frightened face;
Standing tall as the mountains stand
Shall clasp the Creator's hand.

—*From "Utterance" by Angela Morgan.*

Note to Subscribers

The Assistant Editor assures UNITY's readers that the paper will continue in unbroken order, so far as this office can make it possible. As soon as a permanent plan for the future of the paper can be worked out, full information will be given the readers.

The Senior Editor's second circular letter, referred to in our first article and dated September 10, should have reached all subscribers before this. If for any reason, any readers have failed to receive their copy, they will be mailed upon making request to this office. As the last written word of the Editor, this letter should be within reach of all who desire a copy.

The issues of UNITY for August 8, 15, 22, and 29 are now released for mailing and should have reached all subscribers by this time. Failure to receive copies of these numbers should be reported to this office.

All mail should now be addressed to the Chicago Office, 700 Oakwood Boulevard.

THE PULPIT

A Season with the Great Tone Masters

We print below the last of a series of six sermons which were delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the pulpit of All Souls Church last April and May. The immediate inspiration for the series was the dedication of the new, beautiful Lamson Brothers' Memorial Organ recently installed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. But the larger and permanent inspiration was the conviction that the great Tone Masters, the prophets of harmony, were also the prophets of universal religion. These great composers have led the devotions of the modern world. These sermons will be printed weekly in UNITY, so far as conditions permit, during the midsummer interlude of so many of the pulpits of the land, hoping that the life stories of these great artists will afford Sunday reading and touch the lives of our readers with a new sense of beauty, that their hearts may be enriched.

The following will be the order of the topics. Special subscriptions for the course should be sent in early in order to be sure of securing the entire number.

I. The Organ, Its Story and Message.
II. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750.
III. George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759.
IV. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791.
V. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
VI. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

VI
Felix Mendelssohn
1809-1847

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson

In thy will, Father, we would find peace this morning; thy will as revealed to us in the beauty of the day, in the harmonies with which thou hast attuned our lives. We would rest in thy will, Father, as it is revealed in the radiant lives of thy nobler children, in the inner peace that is given to thy saints. In thy will, Father, we would rest today as it is revealed in the suffering, the agony of those who have come to sorrow and sadness through the waywardness that follows not thy will. Touch us, Father, with courage this morning that we may tread the highway that leads to the peace within which alone will bring the peace without. The triumph of the heart conquers the waywardness of man. In these ways we would find thee. Amen.

A classic love story in real life is the story of the wooing of Moses Mendelssohn. Moses Mendelssohn, who has been called "The Light of the West," had one of the most brilliant intellects in the Europe of his day. But his great mind and as great a heart were housed in a poor crooked little body, for he must ever carry a hump on his back. When a very young man he was already famous. By virtue of his thinking he was attracting the thinkers of the world. One day he met a wealthy Jew in Hamburg, by the name of Juggenheim, who, when he realized that this little man was none other than the famous Mendelssohn of whom all Jews were so proud, exclaimed, "You must come home with me, you must meet my family. Your name is already a household word in our home. My wife and daughter are already in love with you as I am." But the shrinking, bashful youth, a poor scribe, struggling with an unseemly load of poverty, hesitated and begged to be excused. He said, "It was as I thought, writing it is enough. I cannot bear the thought of giving them a shock by my presence." But the father urged and he went. He was welcomed but, as he had feared, instead of the gracious, graceful person which the young woman imagined must be the shelter of so lovely a spirit, she was shocked to find a small deformed hunchback in her presence. The young man felt it and when the patron insisted on a second visit he begged to be excused. He said, "It was as I thought it would be. Your daughter was pained by my person."

"O, well," said the father, "you must excuse my daughter, she is young, inexperienced and undisciplined, but that is only momentary and superficial. Come once more." And he went. The opportunity came for the young people to be alone. The curious young maid directed the conversation along delicate lines. She said, "Mr. Mendelssohn, do you think marriages are made in heaven?" He said, "I have no doubt about it. I am sure they are. I was given a vision of my future bride but she had a hump on her back and I prayed to the Lord and I said, O Lord, a woman should be fair, her spirit should be housed in a comely body. I pray Thee give me the hump; and he answered my prayer." Other steps in the wooing followed in quick succession and she became the bride of Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, the original of Nathan the Wise in that poet's great drama of liberal religion, a masterpiece in theology as in poetry and still a classic for those who believe that names are incidental and spirit and purpose fundamental in religion.

Moses Mendelssohn rose out of the humblest obscurity and severest poverty, with the disadvantage of a poor body, to be entitled, "The Light of the West."

The intelligent Jew boasts of three great men named Moses: Moses the great Lawgiver, Moses of the Middle Ages and Moses Mendelssohn of modern times, and well they may boast of these illustrious names.

Lessing met the modern Mendelssohn just as Nathan of the play met the Oriental, over the chessboard, and together they worked out their high philosophy. This Mendelssohn rose from being the obscure tutor in the family of a merchant in Hamburg to be first an accountant, then a partner in the business. Out of this happy union which I have spoken of came a remarkable family. One of them, Abraham Mendelssohn, established himself in Paris as a clerk because he said he would prefer a clerkship in Paris to a fortune in Berlin. But he met his better fate, whose mother would not tolerate a son-in-law who would live as a clerk in Paris, and so he came back to Berlin as a sensible man would, to secure the wife of his choice, and was instrumental in establishing one of the old banking houses in Berlin, which I believe is still in existence. From the union of this Abraham Mendelssohn and Leah Solamon was born Felix Mendelssohn, the subject of our present study.

This wonderful child was well named Felix, indeed, for felicity of birth joined in him with felicity of ability and felicity of opportunity. If ever there was a man born into a luxurious station, Felix Mendelssohn was such a man. He was a child of genius and as much a child of good luck and good fortune. He was a pet of the great Goethe at eleven; fondled, caressed and successful from the start. Everything he touched triumphed. He was gifted with the power of remarkable comradeship. He and his father were good fellows, companions in thought and in music. His sister, Fanny, five years his senior, was well nigh as gifted in music as he was. She was his most intimate critic and most trusted collaborator. She said, "I knew his operas by heart before a note was written down."

Abraham Mendelssohn, like Ruskin's father later, early concluded to push his child's education, which had already assumed academic proportions, by travel. They traveled through Europe in private carriages from town to town, stopping where there was anything interesting. As the elder Ruskin stopped at all the cathedral ruins in England, Ireland and Wales, so the Mendelssohns stopped at the musical centers of Europe. They also passed over into England. The sensitive boy escaped from the terrible crowds and the awful dissipations of London as they passed through on their way into the North and into the land of the Hebrides, where he composed one of his remarkable overtures. When they returned there was a rivalry as to where his home would be and finally they settled in a home at Berlin which had a back yard of seven acres of trees, beautiful walks and bower gardens.

Here the gifted family adopted the custom of Sunday afternoon concerts. Rebecca, another sister, furnished the vocal part. Paul, a brother, played the violin or cello or something else, and of course Felix and Fanny could do anything that was wanted. Felix was familiar with all the instruments, could play anything, and when there was a deficiency he could take hold of the drum and "drum like the Devil," the leader said, so startling was his power.

Out of this busy, creative life of marvelous intensity was born a wealth of musical lore of which I am incompetent to speak. There come through this variety of melody and harmony three or four titles of which we all should know something. When only thirteen or fourteen,—it was published at fifteen,—he wrote his overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream, which impinges upon us so often in the Wedding March, of which I might say much, as I have heard it many times.

We have had at least two triumphant creations interpreted from this pulpit platform from his great oratories of St. Paul and Elijah, both of them profoundly biblical in their setting, very religious in their outcome. They were given under his own leadership many times and always aroused the highest as well as the finest enthusiasm of which the community to which he ministered was capable.

But such an intense life could not long last. The sword fretted the scabbard and in the thirty-eighth year of his age he passed out of the body that was so gracious, so responsive, but so inadequate to the tremendous strain of such a spirit. His father, his sister and himself passed out of the world in about the same way. Their blood vessels were not equal to the pressure upon the brain and they slipped away from what we fittingly call "a stroke."

Berlin was profoundly moved by his death. Here at least was one man whose successful life brought the appreciation that made his death conspicuous. They gave to him an honored funeral and secured for him notable burial.

What about this life? It stands out in touching and strong contrast with the lives of the other studies we have been engaged in. Poor Bach fighting his way against stupidity, thwarted by functionaries, distrusted by officials, hampered by the jealousies of minor men. Sensitive, responsive Mozart waltzing with his wife to keep warm, for there was no fuel to supply heat more expensive. Poor Beethoven, deaf to the applause that greeted his triumphs, born into the humiliation of a home touched with degradation, a dissipated father, unkind and unappreciative kin-

dred. His loving heart was never granted the joys and the peace of love. But here comes, almost in the next generation, this fairy child, beautiful in body, beautiful in spirit, unspoiled by flattery, unweakened by luxury, unacquainted with ambitions save the ambition that rose from within. He was a noble child of noble ancestry, a worthy grandchild of Moses Mendelssohn, the "Light of the West," the one who in real life emphasized and achieved the noble poise of Nathan the Wise in Lessing's great drama, who could say, "What you call Christian I call Jew; excellence is alike under either name."

The first lesson and the only lesson I have a right to draw from the story of Felix Mendelssohn is this ethical lesson that for once at least we find affluence lending itself to inspiration, prosperity conducive to duty and luxury robbed of its debilitating influence.

I am not sure but what that is the next great problem of evolution. I am in the habit of quoting approvingly John Fiske's saying just before he died that the next step in evolution was the perfection of the social organism, the fitting of man into the community, the making of the individual a fraction of the larger unit in society. I am not sure but what there is a step before that, as yet unrealized in evolution. And that is the power of the individual to utilize the bounty of nature, the ability of the spirit to absorb the over-abundant resources of nature. Do you understand me?

Is it not a tragic story, repeated over and over again in a thousand forms within our own knowledge? Stalwart fathers and mothers grapple with poverty, struggle with circumstances, and triumph by virtue of internal force and spiritual power. Their accumulated wealth panders their children and fits them if not into dissipation, still into debility and a complacency that fails to carry forward the banners which with so much self-denial their fore-elders carried up the heights.

Here at least is one man born with a silver spoon in his mouth. From the start he was a child of wealth, endowed with those powers that under certain circumstances would lead to the springs of dissipation, affectation, indulgence, aristocratic selfishness, social exclusiveness and all that accursed brood of degeneracy that grace or disgrace our avenues and our boulevards; young men and young women growing up to be parasites because of the self-denial of their parents.

Felix Mendelssohn, blessed child of genius, was not thwarted by his good fortune but preserved unsullied that unconquerable power that goes with genius, that is itself genius, the power of intense application, of continuous work. In all his travels he sought to find a piano and was no sooner settled that he would ask for paper and ink, always composing, always composing, always working. He sent a humorous complaint in one of his mother's letters, which letters are themselves contributions to literature and are accessible in the book market. He complains of stopping at one little Swiss town near a cathedral and he found it difficult to locate a piano and a Bible, which he needed very much in his study.

But the power to work along musical lines for a man burdened with such musical genius may not mean much, though it means much more than I can understand. But here is another surprising, almost paradoxical thing in the story of Felix Mendelssohn. Not only did he work with the masses ever in mind, with the religious heart of the people ever before his ambition, but he preserved his simplicity, his kindly heart, unspoiled by success, unspoiled by flattery.

"How gladly would I exchange my virtues for Mozart's sins," he said. His religious nature reached beyond the Protestantism of Luther on one side and the Catholic liturgists on the other. A copy of "Luther's Hymns and Tunes" was his constant companion and when he was in Rome he was distressed over the poor music of the Catholic sisters. He wanted to compose better music for the nuns at Rome.

He was the champion of all those who went before him and when superficial patrons would place his name at the head of the list he resented it. In his full grown power he turned aside to create a fund through his own energy that "poor old Bach," as he was always spoken of, might be at last worthily commemorated with an adequate monument placed in front of the school in which he had taught,—the "Thomas School." In Leipsic he gave a program all with his own fingers of Bach music to musicians who would fain dismiss Bach as ancient history, and through his own efforts, after it had slumbered through generations, he produced Bach's Passion of St. Matthew, said to be the most dignified and grandest thing in Bach's music. After a hundred and twelve years of silence he caused this to be reproduced on a Good Friday. I believe it is a regular part of the program of that school in Leipsic to this day.

His friend Liszt had somehow fallen into disrepute. He became entangled with the powers that be and there seemed to be a fatal breach between him and the public. Mendelssohn not only saw his opportunity but he took it and gave Liszt a "reception," as we would say, in his own garden. Mendelssohn played Liszt music, brought the musician forward and of course from there on Liszt was all the go in Berlin because the Mendelssohns, brother and sister, had given a Liszt reception and had taught the public to appreciate Liszt music.

I like these stories of Mendelssohn even better than the stories of his musical triumphs. Of course I lay myself open to the charge of being incapable of understanding his musical triumphs, but in this presence it is a joy to recognize the heart that lived humbly through thirty-seven years of joyous life, a heart that remained still tender to the devotional instincts of saints, alert and alive to the widest vision of the sages.

Mendelssohn's antecedents were Jewish. He himself was initiated into the Reformed Church by his father who, like so many others of recent years, found himself expatriated from the faith of his fathers, not by virtue of defects but by virtue of growth. So Abraham Mendelssohn, he who was neither Jew nor Christian but something higher and better than either, because it was a divine mingling of the fundamental sanctities of both, wrote to his daughter Fanny, after she had joined the Reformed Church,

> You have taken, my dear daughter, an important step in life, and from my heart I wish you joy in it; nay, I feel myself compelled to think earnestly over many things which may not yet have been talked of between us. If there be a God, what kind of a God he may be; whether a part of ourselves is eternal, and after the other part has vanished, whether it lives on, and where, and how. All this I do not know, and therefore, I have not expressed an opinion of it to you; but I know that in me, and in you, and in all men, there is an unchangeable leaning to all that is good, true, and right; that there is a conscience which warns us and guides us when

we depart from the true way. This I know, this I believe; I live in the strength of this, and it is my religion. This I could not teach to you, and no one can learn it. Everyone possesses this who does not purposely and meaningly deny it, and you would not do this, I know; for you have the example of your mother, that most noble, most worthy woman, whose whole life is the fulfilment of duty and love, and a desire to promote others' welfare. We have trained you and your brothers and sisters in the Christian faith, because this is the faith of the most cultivated men, and contains nothing which can estrange you from the good, rather much that will aid you to be obedient, to be patient, to bear with resignation what you have to bear; not to speak of the Founder of this faith, known to so many, but followed by so few.

What a pathetic arraignment of the boasted Christian world is found in these words of Abraham Mendelssohn, son of Moses the Great and father of the great musician, *"The Founder known to so many but followed by so few."* It is easy for us to say that the boy born into such an inheritance would find good attractive. You may say it is easy for such a child to be good and to have the highest conceptions of religion. So it would seem, and still how often are our expectations disappointed. How often is the apostolic line interfered with by its physical descent. The spirit must often free itself from the fetters of convention, tradition and blood relations to find new children to bear testimony to the inclusive gospel.

I realize how disappointing these sermons must be to music lovers, but I offer no apology either to you or to the memory of the great musician for calling your attention here on this platform to the more fundamental surprises than those which are found in his musical creations. For surely after Bach, Mozart, Handel and Beethoven, Mendelssohn came to his honors as no exception. He was no miracle. We hesitate in using superlative adjectives in the study of those great tone masters of the world. Music is the last child of art, the latest gift of God to man, it is of all the arts the most modern and we have been dealing with the Great Tone Masters of the world. Here are the words of Goethe, words suspected of being inspired by this heavenly child,

> Unclouded now, the flame is bright!
> This faith from error sever!
> Though foes my cloud or quell our light,
> Yet thine, thy light, shall shine forever.

Among the true stories that impinge upon nobility and royalty and which have become classic in modern biography is, first the story of the charming intimacy that sprang up between this boy marvel and the sage Goethe, the great poet of Germany. Fifty years' discrepancy between their ages, and still theirs was a friendship and an intimacy most touching. The great poet remonstrated with the parents for keeping the heavenly child away from him so long and with a heart-sick note asks that they lend Felix to him again. The little boy plays the piano and claims the reward of a kiss from the great aristocratic poet.

These two children of the sun were not so lonesome as they seem to us at this distance. Shakespeare and Jean Paul Richter were Mendelssohn's immediate inspirations and, as he confessed, exerted a great influence upon his life. Then hard upon his heels were to come in the singing world, Weber, Paganini, Gounod, Liszt, Schumann and their kind. Thorwaldsen and Rauch were weaving music into stone. Schinkel the architect was reproducing if not enlarging upon the Greek perfections in architecture. The Humboldts, Hegel, Bunsen, Grimm and Lepsius were thinking and writing, the first of whom at least and perhaps others had listened to the lectures of the grandfather, Moses.

Another story tells how Mendelssohn broke into the privacy of Queen Victoria. He was so marvelously gifted that she was appalled with the knowledge that he was to come in. The Queen received him confidentially in her living room, apologized for the condition of the room and, like all good housewives, began to pick up things. The young Mendelssohn helped her to put the room in order and then she asked him to play and he agreed to if she would sing. Graciously she sang one of her own songs and apologized for singing it poorly because she was embarrassed in his presence. And then the Prince Consort, Albert, presented his musical claims and they had a sort of music-fest, and in the playing royalty forgot its crowns and Mendelssohn was unconscious of his greater crown.

Prince Albert in a letter sent to Mendelssohn as a souvenir a program bearing this notation,

> To the noble artist, who, when surrounded by the Baal worship of the false, has, like a second Elijah, employed his genius and his skill in the service of the true; who has weaned our ears from the senseless confusion of mere sound, and won them to the comprehension of all that is harmonious and pure—to the great master who has held in his firm control and revealed to us not only the gentle whisperings of the breeze, but also the majestic thunderings of the tempest.
> In grateful remembrance, ALBERT.

Mendelssohn, himself gripping thought as well as melody, said,

> You see, there is progress always, and the thing is as certain as the return of day. If it is misty now it is only the sign that the brightness is to come, for come it must.

Here must end my study of the great makers of melody. Hail you, the great quintette of song! You have given us a new measure of royalty! You are regal not only in the realm of genius but in the realm of democracy!

Spirits of peace! Messengers of love! You great five have spoiled all the political boundaries on the map of Europe for ever and aye. There is no power on earth that can establish any geographical boundaries to human love, hope, appreciation and sympathy, now that you, the great Masters of Arts, have lived and labored.

Father, in thy kingdom of love, which is the kingdom of harmony, reason and of justice, may we ever live. Amen.

THE BATTLEGROUND.

Let me live close to men's hearts. In the years
When youth is full, let me know men and grow
Into the knowledge of their pulsing souls.
Not on some distant height where in the veil
Fame tapers and the siren temples blaze,
May my days pass, but on a sterner ground,
Where men of might brave dubious circumstance,
Where sorrow wears the heart, would lose the soul,
Where storm and stress demand high ideals.
In lusty labor and the fight with fire,
Or sin, unlovable benightedness,
May I know men, and knowing learn to love,
And loving learn to help them in their toil.

Benjamin Brawley.

The Progress of Church Federation

Among the many results of the present world war, and, perchance, not the least of them, is the added impulse given to the work of uniting the various Christian churches into a practical fellowship. With the Protestant Reformation, the process of disintegration began, and it continued to increase until the end of the last century, when Christian denominations were numbered in hundreds, each striving to save the world in its peculiar way. Even before the year 1900 individual religious leaders, here and there, saw the futility of such competition. They saw the necessity of interdenominational action in coping with the moral and religious problems of modern urban life, and in consequence there arose various voluntary organizations, such, for example, as the Young Men's Christian Association, its counterpart for young women, and the International Sunday School Association. There came, moreover, from 1872 on, pressure from foreign missions, pressure tending to unite the home churches for the sake of the missions in heathen lands. The intelligent heathen insisted that Christianity should put its own house in order, should present him a united front, if it would gain his allegiance. The result, in the United States, of these two influences, was the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which began to take definite shape in 1905.

It is of the rise and progress of the Federal Council, which is the most important effort toward Christian unity, that the Rev. Charles S. Macfarland writes in "The Progress of Church Federation" (Fleming H. Revell Company, 50 cents, net). Mr. Macfarland writes in his official capacity of General Secretary to the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. "This volume," I quote the preface, "has been prepared in response to a considerable demand for a brief record of the proceedings and activities of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, for readers who are unable to go through the six rather voluminous books constituting the record for the past quadrennium, but who do wish to acquaint themselves with the nature and scope of the work of the Council." The reviewer is one of those to whom the book is addressed, and strives to judge it accordingly.

The author begins his book with a lucid, and, withal, an inspiring call to Christian co-operation. He sets a high ideal, indeed, for the various denominations in the United States when he says, "We must be willing to save our life by losing it." And he shows that he, and it is to be presumed the Council as well, has learned the lesson taught by the history of the government of the United States. He says, "Federal unity . . . recognizes the two principles of progress, differentiation and coherence. It recognizes that the Kingdom of God does not mean solitariness on the one hand, or uniform consolidation on the other. It is simply genuine co-operation without regard to the ultimate result to ourselves. It is not trying to get men to think alike or to think together. It is first willing that the army should be composed of various regiments with differing uniforms, with differing banners, and even, if necessary, with different bands of music at appropriate intervals, provided they move together, face the same way, uphold each other, and fight the common foe of the sin of the world with a common love for the Master of their souls, for each other, and for mankind. It is unity without uniformity; diversity without divisiveness; comprehensiveness not competition or compulsion."

This is a refreshing contrast to the denominational jealousy and suspicion which has been characteristic of church life in America during most of its history. That this spirit is not confined to the author, however, is shown in the remaining chapters of the book, which deal with the origin and history of the Federal Council, with its functions and with its actual accomplishments, and finally, with its work in the present time of national emergency. These chapters tell their story frankly, without attempting to conceal the difficulties, the prejudices and suspicions, which have hindered the work. An attentive and thoughtful reading of the book should give one a good idea of the significance and accomplishments of the Federal Council. The book, in other words, accomplishes its object.

But it does not accomplish it in a masterly way. That the book is the product of a busy man engaged in more weighty affairs is, at times, painfully evident. One gets the impression that the author was mastered by his subject, rather than was master of it. This is shown by the repetition, in later chapters, of details, almost of phrases, which appear in earlier ones. Except in the first chapter, the style is dull.

ARTHUR T. BROWN.

Bible Credits for College Entrance*

The study of the Bible in preparatory schools would be greatly encouraged if the students might select biblical subjects with full assurance that credit would be given to them for work satisfactorily done. Furthermore, college teachers of biblical literature would find their instruction facilitated if they might assume a greater acquaintance with the Bible on the part of their students. The College Entrance Board has viewed the petitions for the recognition of the Bible in the college entrance examinations with some favor, since the weight of the names appearing on the petition was recognized. But the chief interest of the college board is to discover whether the institutions as such wish to offer the subject for examination. The necessary steps for gaining this end are the following: to come to an agreement upon a tentative curriculum to be offered in the preparatory schools, which every school could enlarge or modify as it saw fit, but which would promise an undoubted standard of excellence; to have the biblical instructors at the various colleges present this curriculum to the college faculty; and to have the faculty, if favorable to the proposed plan, request the College Entrance Board to include this subject in the examinations. The committee felt that if the institutions as a whole could be brought to make this request the plan would be accepted without any hesitation.

"Poets who are the music-makers and dreamers of dreams are the real movers of the world."—*Anonymous.*

*The report of a committee on Recognition of Bible in College Entrance Examinations. Read at meeting of Association of Bible Teachers in American Colleges and Schools in December, 1917.—*From Religious Education.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Walker Building, 120 Boylston Street, Boston.

August 1, 1918.

Dear Friend of Free Religion:

The Senate of the United States has passed a resolution recommending the President to call upon the people to engage in a daily prayer and coupled that request in an ineradicable way with the word "Angelus." This resolution, known popularly as "the Angelus Resolution," and officially as "S. J. 164," regardless of the fact that the United States is constitutionally a country of free religion, a country, that is to say, in which the utmost care has been taken to separate church and state, has been met with a most ominous silence on the part of the press and comparatively few people are aware of its progress and significance. The whole question of prayer by official request is a doubtful one, but to ask the whole people to recite a distinctly Roman Catholic prayer augurs ill for religious freedom and democracy. The resolution, having passed the Senate, is now before the House of Representatives for action. Your Congressman ought to know immediately where you stand on the matter and your local paper ought to be urged to keep you informed with regard to it. Please let us have a copy of any letters or articles you may write in this connection.

Another matter in which your assistance would be valued is in a study of "Recent Violations of and Encroachments on Religious Freedom in the United States." A committee, consisting of well-known ministers and laymen of various denominations, has been appointed and requests information and suggestions from your vicinity.

We also ask your co-operation in extending the influence of "The Arbitrator," issued monthly to present *both* sides of important public questions. It is sent free to all members of the Free Religious Association and you will greatly help the object in view if you will take the time each month to fill out and return the questionnaire in the back of each issue. Sample copies will be sent to any friends whom you may name.

Plans are maturing for the Autumn Conference of the F. R. A., to be held at Providence House, Chestnut Hill, Mass., on Tuesday, afternoon and evening, September 24, 1918. The tentative subject is "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality in Religion," with special reference to the growing tendency toward religious unity both at home and in the trenches.

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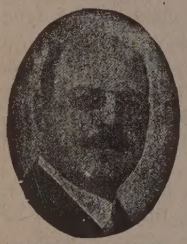

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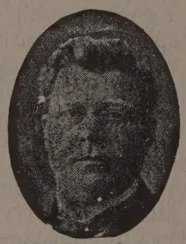

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